

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Love's Way

By JANE McLEAN.

Sometimes Love wears a rosy gown,  
Her eyes are young and gay,  
And, flower-twined locks all tumbling down,  
She bids us to come and play.

And then it seems her joyous song  
It stilled to mute desire,  
She beckons where the hours dream long,  
With eyes and lips of fire.

Then like some priestess we have met  
With holy words she speaks,  
The while we serve with eyelids wet  
And tears upon our cheeks.

## The Latest in Sport Clothes

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## The Mystery of the Pearl

Gains in Luster and Beauty by Being Worn

By GARRETT F. SERVISS.

One of the most singular applications of the strange powers of ultra-violet rays of light, and of the streams of broken atoms that rush from a bit of radium is the beautification of gems and precious stones. These radiations seem to possess a mysterious influence over the atomic constitution of crystalline substances, which results sometimes in an alteration, or a deepening of color, and sometimes in an increase of brilliancy. Not infrequently both these effects are simultaneously produced.

Recently experiments of this kind have been tried upon the most delicate of all gems—the pearl—with results about which experts disagree. It is reported that a Paris jeweler allowed a Hindoo expert to "peel" a pearl, valued at \$18,000, and then submit it to the action of ultra-violet rays, the result being that the gem lost one-fifth of its original weight, but gained so much in "orient," and in beauty of color that its value was increased to more than \$20,000. "Peeling," in this case, means removing an outer layer from the series of concentric laminae of which a pearl consists, and which resemble the successive "coats" of an onion.

The word "orient," which is currently employed among pearl merchants, is a poetic trope based upon the idea of sunrise, and refers to the peculiar iridescence of the pearl. It is analogous to the word "water," as used to express the relative luster of diamonds. But notwithstanding the alleged success of the Paris jeweler's experiment with his gem, a London expert is quoted as declaring that a better way to "doctor" a pearl is simply to wear it. This is no new legend, but one that has often been repeated. In some of its forms a mystic connection with the fortune of the wearer is assumed. There is no doubt that pearls are more subject to outside influences than are stones like the diamond.

The London expert just referred to says: "A pearl necklace that is worn once or twice a month will go on for half a century showing no change. Look that same necklace up for twenty years and all the glow and luster are gone, and the pearls look like wax beads."

In its manner of origin the pearl differs from all other gems. It is not a stone, in the ordinary sense, but a growth of mineral matter, mainly calcium carbonate, formed around a nucleus, consisting of a minute grain of sand, or other hard object, or perhaps a parasite, which serves as a center of irritation inside the shell of an oyster, and which gradually becomes encased, or encased in successive layers of carbonate of lime secreted by the physiological processes of the living animal. Various species of oyster are capable of forming pearls, but they become true gems only when secreted in the bodies of species whose shells are lined with a nacreous, or pearly substance. The pearls sometimes found in ordinary oysters are dull, shapeless, and usually without value.

The old Persians, who put the pearl above all other gems, had a legend that they were formed of crystallized rainbows which had chanced to fall into the shells of oysters as the animals lay airing themselves on the beach. Even the Roman philosopher Pliny could see nothing improbable in the supposition that the drops of water, once inside the shell of the oyster, could be hardened by mingling with the secretions of the animal.

One of the most famous pearls in history was found by a negro boy at Panama in the days of the Spanish conquests. It was pearl shaped and as large as the largest pigeon's egg. It was presented to Philip II and became known as "La Pelegrina," and was regarded as a prodigy. It was worn as a hat buckle by several kings of Spain, then as an ornament for the hair of a queen and finally it found its way to Russia, where it seems to have disappeared.

Whatever the real facts may be as to the improvement of the luster of pearls by treatment with ultra-violet light, or other rare rays, there seems to be no doubt that some precious stones yield readily to the influence of the bombardment of broken atoms shot from radium. Among these are sapphires. When sapphires of undesirable color are put into a box with a little radium bromide, and left shut up with that miracle worker for a month, they come out transmuted into gems of beauty, the colors being all changed for the better. So, it is said, ordinary corundum when shut up for a time with a tube of radium comes out blooming with the glorious hues of emerald, topaz, precious sapphires and other costly stones.

**Perfectly Proper.**  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 and a stenographer. Recently my employer's son, whom I have known for eight months to be an honorable young man, asked me to go to a show with him. I accepted his offer. We were accompanied by his sister. Now, while in conversation with a friend of mine was told I was improper. A CONSTANT READER.

**Don't Sit!**  
and pump a hard-running sewing machine. Call it with 3-in-One and reduce friction 50%. 3-in-One works out all dirt and prevents repair bills. No grease. No acid. Follows the wooden castles and sews and prevents rust.

**3-in-One Oil Co.**  
N. Y.



And here is a suit of silk jersey with a circular skirt buttoning in front and a modified Norfolk jacket plaited in the back. With it worn a reversible hat of hemp and ribbon and low tennis shoes of white buckskin strapped in brown leather.

For the horsewoman who wishes to show her horses in the ring here are a skirt of black and white check and a black coat. This fastens with one button and displays the white flannel waistcoat piped in black. A black satin stock and linen collar complete the outfit.

For tennis the sportswomen selects a linen skirt, with plaits on the side to give freedom of action, and a red and white blazer. She wears striped stockings, with tie of crepe de chine to match the stripes, with a silk tam.

## Spring Festival of Poetry Society of America

Copyright, 1915, Star Company. By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There are many people in America who have a great deal of money; there are some people who have beautiful homes and surroundings; there are others who have exquisite taste and refinement of feeling; there are others who are generous and big in their attitude toward literature and art; but there are very few people in America who combine all these qualities.

It is a pleasure to state that one such family lives in Greater New York and it is a delight to have been among the favored recipients of beautiful hospitality bestowed by such a generous host and hostess in the "Spring Festival of the Poetry Society of America."

The event took place on May 25. The scene was the superb estate and home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Untermyer at Greystone-on-the-Hudson. The recipients of the hospitality were the members of the Poetry Society of New York and their special friends.

It was just a year ago that Mr. and Mrs. Untermyer issued their first invitation to the Poetry Society to come to Greystone-on-the-Hudson as guests of honor. Each member of the Poetry Society received an engraved invitation, and an accompanying card stating that a special train, provided by Mr. and Mrs. Untermyer, would convey the party from the Grand Central station to Greystone.

The day was ideally perfect; the event a memorable one. This year the courtesy was again repeated, and the date was May 25, May 24 and May 26 were bleak of sky, with falling rain and unkind winds; but, as if in appreciation of the generous and beautiful spirit shown by the great-hearted Untermyers towards the "Poets of America," the skies on May 25 were like sapphires; the sun was a combination of liquid diamonds and topaz, and the breeze seemed blown from Eden.

The poets, in their best "bibs and tuckers," were an astonishingly handsome congregation of men and women, numbering more than 200. Automobiles awaited them at the station and conveyed them, along scenes of bewildering beauty which distinguish the Untermyer grounds, to the palatial mansion overlooking the Hudson. Tea was served on the balconies. Then there were visits through the grounds and through the conservatories, which cannot be rivaled in America.

After that there was a gathering of the clan in the great music hall to listen for three-quarters of an hour to a musical program given by Petruccio Busoni. So compelling, so entrancing—and so masterful was the music that the proverbial pin might have been heard to drop while this great genius entertained his audience with the compositions of Bach, Chopin and Liszt. After that a sumptuous repast was served. Special trains conveyed the poets and their friends back to the city.

It was a scene and an occasion which must remain as long as memory lasts in the mind of every fortunate guest. Not since the days of old Greece have poets been so honored and so appreciated by people of wealth and leisure. It is doubtful if in any land in the last century a parallel event can be cited.

It is to be regretted that a hostess who has shown such thoughtfulness, such courtesy, such consideration and such liberality should have one embarrassed moment, due to the thoughtlessness of a few of the guests. On each card of invitation, following the name of the one invited, was written the words, "and guests."

Last year fully half of the members gave a friend the happiness of participating in this spring festival. So enticing and delightful was the occasion that a few poets this year overstepped their privileges and asked two, three and even four guests to accompany them to Greystone instead of the one the card of invitation indicated; and no forewarning was sent to the hostess.

In consequence, more than twenty-five unexpected guests appeared when the covers had been laid. That was a difficult situation for any hostess, and the delicacy and poise and tact of Mrs. Untermyer saved the situation.

Greystone-on-the-Hudson seems something of a misnomer in May time; for it leaves upon the memory recollections of brilliant sults skies, sapphire waters, emerald verdure and a blaze of rhododendrons. So much beauty and splendor of nature and art were given that it needed the greatness of Shakespeare, Homer and Milton to seem really worthy of it all.

Perhaps among the 200 poets there may be those who will develop something of the genius of these masters as the years pass by. The Poetry Society of America is a notable organization. It has received notable recognition.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

# The Goddess

The most imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story ever created.

INTRODUCING EARLE WILLIAMS as Tommy Barclay ANITA STEWART as The Goddess  
Written by Gouverneur Morris (One of the Most Notable Figures in American Literature)  
Dramatized into Photo-Play by CHARLES W. GODDARD.  
Author of "The Perils of Pauline" "The Exploits of Elaine"

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**Synopsis of Previous Chapters.**  
After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death, Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests, kidnaps the beautiful 3-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees not man, but thinks she is taught by angels, who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 13 she is suddenly thrust into the world, where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her.  
The one to feel the loss of the little Amesbury girl most, after she had been spirited away by the interests, was Tommy Barclay.  
Fifteen years later, Tommy goes to the Adirondacks. The interests are responsible for this trip. By accident he is the first to meet the little Amesbury girl, as she comes forth from her paradise as Celestia, the girl from heaven. Neither Tommy or Celestia recognize each other. Tommy finds it an easy matter to rescue Celestia from Prof. Stilliter, and they hide in the mountains, later they are pursued by Stilliter and escape to an island, where they spend the night.

**FOURTH EPISODE.**  
Celestia, Stilliter, the two guides and last of all old man Smellagood vanished in the thick of the woods. Tommy gave them two minutes head start, and then beautiful as a Greek god, he rushed out of the water to the trees where he had hung his clothes.  
They were gone.  
Tommy having failed her, it was obvious to Prof. Stilliter that Celestia no longer even wished to escape. The heart had been taken out of her. There was no need to throw her into a hypnotic trance. She would do as she was told.  
The crossing from the island to the mainland was made in silence. The two guides navigated the old dug-out, its gunwales almost awash; old man Smellagood busied himself making a compact, portable bundle of Tommy's clothes, which he had the forethought to steal and wondering how much he could get for them in cold cash; Celestia absent-mindedly trailed one hand overboard, and Prof. Stilliter, his eyes on the back of her head, thought long thoughts.  
Since her emergence from that imaginary heaven, which nothing could persuade her was imaginary, Celestia had proved less manageable than he had expected. He thanked his stars that she had taken a sudden fancy to running away with Tommy rather than with some other young man. He disliked Tommy for three good reasons. Tommy disliked him, and twice Tommy had gotten the better of him. Twice Tommy had knocked his glasses off and rendered him blind and helpless. But he knew all about Tommy and couldn't help respecting him in some ways. Another young man might have taken advantage of Celestia's ignorance and innocence, and Stilliter shuddered inwardly to think what a blow that would have been to the great schemes for which he had labored so long. And he vowed silently that she would never again run such risks. She was in his power once more, and under his protection, and he would have laughed scornfully at anyone who might have suggested that within forty-eight hours he would not even know where she was and that she would be in unspokeable danger.  
He took off his glasses to polish them and became for the moment as blind as a stone. And that made him shudder. So he polished his glasses as quickly as he could, put them on, and once more saw. Then he felt in his pocket to see if this time he had a spare pair with him. He had.  
"Nobody," he thought, "will ever catch me with but one pair again."  
A man of iron nerves and of great imagination under perfect control, Prof. Stilliter had but one weakness—his eyes. Otherwise he was as strong as a bull; but let him once begin to think about his

eyes and he became the prey of fearful and wild fancies.  
Most men die but once. Prof. Stilliter had died a thousand deaths and all of them violent and horrible, and due to a sudden loss of sight. During the preceding night, lying miserably on the hard, rocky ground, he had had a most unpleasant nightmare about himself.  
He was alone in the midst of a vast, trackless forest. He was there on scientific business—to record the song of a certain very rare bird. But the bird wouldn't sing. It would only laugh. It made a noise like two little children laughing. And it wouldn't show itself. He had followed it half the day. Once he had had a heavy fall and had broken his spare glasses all to smithereens, and had hurt his side badly into the bargain.  
Now he had stopped to rest; so had the laughing bird. In the forest was the silence of death. Suddenly the bird began to laugh again, and this time the laughter came nearer and nearer. And presently there emerged from the forest into the little open glade in which he stood two children, who held hands and laughed. They were Tommy Barclay and the little Amesbury girl. They walked straight toward him as if they didn't see him. But they must have, for suddenly they stopped, and Tommy said:  
"So you are the man that tried to take her away from me and lock her up in heaven, aren't you?"  
"Yet I am, and what's more, I'll get her this time."  
And he lunged at the little Amesbury girl, and Tommy simply knocked his glasses off.  
He stood still for quite a long time. He could hear the children still laughing as they wandered off into the forest. The laughter grew fainter and fainter.  
Then he knelt and began to hunt for his glasses. He hunted until the knees of his trousers were worn through and the small of his back ached like an ulcerated tooth. He hunted slowly and methodically until he felt that he must have covered every square inch of the open glade.  
He stood up to rest. According to his calculations he was in the exact middle of the glade, and so, his legs being in need of stretching, he took two or three incautious steps forward and tumbled his face into the trunk of a tree.  
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## Keeping Hold of the Helm

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Are you a tempest tossed soul whose course veers with every wind that blows or are you a sane and sturdy mariner who guides the bark of your destiny? Do stray emotions and passions and circumstances carry you where they list with no purpose and no goal? Do the ambitions and ideal of the people you chance to meet away you from your own notions of right and wrong and change your own desires and aspirations from day to day? Are you one of those who tact and sail about the sea of life and make no port and have no sure harbor ahead?

Of are you one of those fine, strong beings—great in fact or in possibility—who have taught their hearts to know the control of their own souls? Are you guiding your own destiny by the high light of the stars or by any will-o'-the-wisp that flickers before your dazzled eyes?  
Learn to say to your own spirit, "Peace, be still!" Respect the might of self-control and calmness. Master your wavering purpose and marshal your own uncertain ambitions into line. Look at your life at a distance critically and like an outsider. Get a little perspective on yourself—see where you are tending—where your present tendencies must carry you. Stop drifting, stop tacking and coming about.  
Drifting is idleness. Tacking is flurry. Self guidance—your hand on the helm—is calm, sane making for port.

Calmness will bring you peace and steadfast serenity. It will give you self-understanding and so knowledge of others. In real understanding of human nature you will find power. As soon as you can govern yourself you will be able to adjust yourself to the other people you meet; you will know enough either to rule them or to accept their guidance as is suitable.  
Surely you know people who have but to come into a room and tranquility is there, too. Their serenity brings peace and the feeling of safety and power. Such people are loved and loved steadfastly.  
The man who is erratic and unreliable may be charming and lovable if one meets him occasionally—but he is too trying and uncertain for real friendship, for the lasting relations of life. The woman who is as elusive as quicksilver, as uncertain as a butterfly, may attract and delight—but she cannot hold. Unstable people never win stable affection. Sweet-tempered, well-balanced, tranquil people always win affection. Theirs is a wholesome, healthy influence. Con-

sciously or unconsciously we all turn to calm, well-balanced people with a feeling of liking that is sure and serene. There is a certain pleasant satisfaction in knowing that we may be certain of some one's friendship—that it is ours to call on—that there is a friend in our life who may be counted on—who will be there when wanted.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

**Listen to Your Parents.**  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and still at school. A man of 21 has told me he loves me and asked me to wait three years so he can save a little money before we marry. My parents do not approve of him. Father says that he did not do the right thing by coming to me. His own mother says I am too young to love anyone. My parents say that they will also respect anything you say.  
You could not have wiser counselors than your parents. I do not believe in long engagements and think it too youthful an age to choose a life partner. The young man's present wage does not justify him in thinking of marriage. Evidently you are one of those splendidly fortunate girls who have parents with whom they can discuss their affairs. Don't see this youth too frequently, and keep on a basis of friendship.

**Wedding Customs.**  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am about to get married and would like a church wedding. They generally have and if they have little boys with the flower girls. What do the maids of honor do at the time of the ceremony? I am not here in this country so very long.  
The number of flower girls or of little boys acting as pages at a wedding is quite optional. At the time of the ceremony the maid of honor holds the bride's bouquet and if the bride wears a veil over her face, the maid of honor removes it just after the ceremony.

**Perfectly Proper.**  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 and a stenographer. Recently my employer's son, whom I have known for eight months to be an honorable young man, asked me to go to a show with him. I accepted his offer. We were accompanied by his sister. Now, while in conversation with a friend of mine was told I was improper. A CONSTANT READER.  
You could have no better proof of the respect your employer's son feels for you than the fact that he felt you were a fine enough girl to be taken out with his sister. He paid you a delicate and pleasing compliment.

## AFTER SUFFERING TWO LONG YEARS

Mrs. Aselin Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Minneapolis, Minn.—"After my little one was born I was sick with pains in my sides which the doctors said were caused by inflammation. I suffered a great deal every month and grew very thin. I was under the doctor's care for two long years without any benefit. Finally after repeated suggestions to try it we got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking the third bottle of the Compound I was able to do my housework and today I am strong and healthy again. I will answer letters if anyone wishes to know about my case."  
—Mrs. JOSEPH ASELIN, 606 Fourth Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy we know for woman's ills. If you need such a medicine why don't you try it?

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.